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REPEAL OF THE UNION,

A POEM:

WITH MANY OTHER NATIONAL POEMS, AND

MELODIES.

~~~~~  
BY JAMES H. MAC LOGHLIN.  
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UTICA:

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1844.

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PREFACE AND APOLOGY.

AS IT IS CUSTOMARY with all the writers, whose ideas are winged by the shining plumes of classic lore, to introduce their works by the artful blandishments of a florid preface, 'tis certain, that no work ever produced, required introduction more than mine; for the scholastic adventurer may hope for general success, whose long experience in the field of science, is reported by the lauding trump of fame; he may launch out his bark rigged up with all the appendages of art, while expectant thousands await him on the shore. Has he a happy preeminence over such a probationer as I, who never got the least brush of refinement in a truly scientific school, but still by the disadvantages of my situation was kept aloof from the emulous constellations of intellect for which I had panted, with restless avidity. Moreover, to gloom the horizon of my scientific hope no shining orb of the Literati, fixed his meridian near the wild but lovely and romantic part of Erin, wherein Providence had appointed my humble birth; leaving me hence, no opportunity unless the little mock stars that reflect no light but the glow-worm flashes of an ignoble education! the brightest country teacher then in my vicinity kept his noisy college on the side of a lonely mountain, to which my parents' agricultural industry permitted me no resort only when hoary Boreas swayed his frozen scepter over the wintry scene, and entombed beneath his expansive snowy shroud, the delightful group of lakes, rivers, verdant vales and mountainous amphitheatres, whose fantastic cliffs shoot their spiry pyramids into the heavens! the diversified charms of Hibernian scenery, could for ever entertain and inspire my untaught imagination. My senior brothers having derived their lore from brighter seminaries, finding me touched by the magic wand of song, by turns would illumine my taper of climax, while my constant reading and hearing the disastrous tales of my country's griefs, which were ripen'd into reality, when, with groaning millions I was suffering the terrible persecution of prejudice, intolerance, increasing taxation, and innocent blood! the sport of a ruthless overgrown ascendancy; the creatures, spies, informers and executioners of State, over a people the bravest, most virtuous, but most wronged and unjustly hated in this world!! To see my beautiful birthland, whose native parliament, trade, commerce and flourishing state I've remembered, ousted out of her independence, peculated and plundered, by the perfidious perjury, bribery and corruption of England's misrule! and her league-breaking ministers which circumstances, with attachment to native beauty, splendor, liberty and virtue, were calculated to strike up a respective flame to the corresponding passions and drive on to vehement operation the steam energy of a Muse, even less patriotic than mine.

I have, while writing the following Poem amid the noise of children and hurried adults, in February and March last, endeavored, in a rapid sketch to depict a peculiar trait of every cruel scourge inflicted on my country since the hapless Union, and thereby to obtain for her, much as I could, the sympathy of a brave, generous, and humane American people, whose glory, while nobly strangling the British hydras I had heard lauded by my father and neighbors, who eagerly wished to be beside to their aid; on the grand arena, in triumphant valor by which those bold Americans, were establishing the immortality of their present and permanent independence! A few of my countrymen have made false and invidious reports against me, I forgive them; as my countrymen and women are nobly kind and generous with the exception of a very few, and the greatest houses in the world have their respective portions of spurious offspring like my mean traducers! Yet, for my inaccuracies, under the above disadvantages, I humbly claim indulgence of the discreet and erudite, to whom only are offered the impotent essays of their very humble servant

UTICA, October, 1844.

JAMES H. MAC LOGHLIN.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.

O! SACRED LIBERTY, man's aim and hope
Till universal rights have ample scope,
Alas! what millions wait thy sunshine hour
To 'scape the trammels of tyranic power.
And round the footstools of oppressors kneel
To crave that mercy which no despots feel,
Who prompt in glaring vice no good supply,
But grind the harmless poor and Heav'n defy !!

A few are scourges to inflict each pain
On Erin's millions, an increasing train!
Whom freedom's Genius has inspired, a pace
To spurn the fetters off a noble race
Who, like their Hebrew sires o'erstock the shore
With might and glory to be slaves no more,
When o'er the Red sea of mis-ruling spite
A road is op'ning to their native right!

Oft has my wailing muse forgot repose,
To mourn in midnight, dirge Hibernian woes!
But strains of triumph now her Lyre employ
For glorious liberty's wide-opening joy,
E'en round O'Connel's dungeon raptures ope
And grief itself can smile on smiling hope
Where he and Justice false confinement share,
And eight kin dmillions, loves cling round him there,
Whose brave comartys in his school illume
A sun of Freedom that no time shall gloom—
Long shall their fame outlive tyranic sway
While crown'd with garlands that will ne'er decay.

No force can stay that nation's loving minds
Till iron fetters bind the rushing winds,
Till man's command can stop the flowing tide
And make the mountain's bases topmost ride ;

Altho' sad ages gave them matchless pain,
 'Mid persecutions grew their mighty train,
 In due accordance with a promise giv'n
 Their seed t' outnumber all the stars of Heav'n!
 Where are a people hence beneath the sky
 More fruitful—faithful in the marriage tie
 Than they—much warmer in love's tender strain
 Than June's bright noon-rays on the flashing pane!

Farewell Hibernia dear! thou art my theme,
 Diurnal study and nocturnal dream,
 Thy friendly sons oppress'd, and daughters fair,
 Congenial to my heart, my love, my care,
 The more their virtues brave the tides of woe
 My grief and pity in proportion glow;
 The more O'Connell nobly works through fate
 Against a tory host and spies of state,
 The more he labors to set Erin free!
 His pains for justice make him dear to me.
 Is aught on earth so dear, so sweet and sooth
 As conscience licensed to pure love and truth—
 To have the mental suns in lore's career
 Emancipated from tyranic fear?
 But when the mind has been tormented still
 With apprehensions of each threaten'd ill
 The flights of fancy are no more illumed
 But thought's new sunbeams in the soul are gloom'd!

Sweet Erin, lovely in deep mourning dress'd,
 Thy lore and genius have been long repress'd,
 Misruled by ruthless pow'r too long a time,
 Thy prayers for Justice have been made a crime!

O! must a placid Muse in frowns appear,
 With all the majesty of truth severe,
 When gross injustice and misrule betray
 The machinations of infernal sway—
 Whose partial malice must awake distrust,
 Pain, discontentment, and a cold disgust;
 When cringing courtiers to disception prone,
 Suggest those evils that corrupt a Throne—
 A Monarch's notion from good acts dissuade
 And show true subjects in the foulest shade;

Who mid sore threats and tortures still adhere
 To native principles for ever dear ;
 Who ne'er adopting a new creed of State,
 Have long been victims to Britannia's hate,
 Her envy, avarice—her false decrees
 And cruel scourges have been wreak'd on these
 To shock humanity—her vice reveals
 That engineers from hell have urged her wheels
 As mournful ages of blood, crime and shame
 Have mark'd her odious to eternal fame !
 Base profligacy's stew ! old curses wait
 And Sodom's doom is low'ring to her fate !
 What bleeding volumes tell how, where, and when
 All Europe's plunder has increased her den—
 The shade of robbers and imperial knaves,
 The devil's Depot ! the first mart of slaves—
 The modern Babylon of ill got store—
 Of perjured perfidy and harmless gore !
 That den in some short lapse will ne'er be seen
 Unless by reptiles and by things unclean.

Let harmless crowds from England quickly go
 And all who wrought her crimes may feel her woe,
 Whose mighty sins in one combustive cloud
 Hang o'er her, soon to burst in thunders loud
 All nation's hatred and just Heaven's ire
 Will make her long deserved one shocking fire !
 Now at her blood-stained Peers wild tocsins roar,
 And she can be the world's great curse no more !
 Her faithless Ministry at home, abroad,
 Ne'er made a treaty save by fear or fraud,
 Who after triumph a true ally spurn'd,
 And broke the contract when advantage turn'd !—
 In friendship treacherous to urge the blow,
 To grind a subject, while they coax'd a foe ;
 O ! keep their fallacy from ev'ry shore,
 And trust those pirates of the world no more.

Ah ! ne'er could Erin share a blissful hour,
 Unless when England fear'd a foreign power !
 And that ill-fated land might see one smile—
 A fleeting sunbeam of insidious guile,
 Which lured her sons to drive Belona's car,

With Irish glory through the flaming war!
 Well could our lordly drones at ease remain,
 While bold Hibernians clear'd each hostile plain,
 Who for their valor brave in Britain's fight,
 Were still rewarded with a serpent's bite!

But Oh! her Senate where State plund'ers meet,
 To brood on cruel schemes and nation's cheat,
 The one-side government who card and spin,
 In by-law factories of shame and sin,
 Whose law-robbed spies at Erin's cost and fate,
 As executioners her sons await,
 For tory vengeance to just men applied,
 In condemnation, ere their case be tried.

Whole forty years have pass'd, or haply more,
 Since Toler drown'd the bench in harmless gore,
 In truth, we hail'd his hearse with right good will,
 But is his spirit fell in Dublin still!!!!
 To doze in slumber-on a judgment seat,
 And hear no evidence nor pleading sweet,
 As all the culprits on his false report,
 He had condemn'd before he came to court!!
 They could not possibly elude their fate,
 From prosecutors judge and juror's hate,
 Long sworn—disposed in spite's infernal swāy,
 To sweep all Catholics from earth away;
 For common havoc were that pack combined,
 The judge would hang us were the Jury kind;
 Hence could fell Norbury enjoy his nap,
 And urge wide murder under moloch's cap!

The brave United-men, what was their view?
 To gain for Irishmen all justice due,
 To save their country from those men that wait
 To gorge as cormorants the fat of State;
 Whom bribed misrulers fix in power sure,
 To rob a nation and oppress the poor—
 Enslave whole millions of a valiant race,
 To be mean drudges to each tyrant base.

The brave United men with grief long torn,
 Had found their patience and just hopes outworn,

With pray'rs that governments would comforts
 spread,
 But saw corruption in its very stead—
 Fell bands of orangemen let loose to wreak,
 Infernal malice on a nation meek,
 To brood on discord—haste each fatal hour,
 As cruel delegates to ruthless power!
 Whole scores of years when past are those reclaimed,
 Or half the wildness of their malice tamed?
 Have they such mercy as they strongly teach,
 When self ordained and bless'd they freely preach?
 Yes! look outside and see them pious all,
 With tongues of honey tuned by hearts of gall!
 Let honest Catholic's their verdict wait,
 Those pious orangemen will sign their fate!
 And Toler's shade attends with spirits worse,
 To hang just Catholic's without remorse.
 For develish hate since fate did all it could,
 When fields (all graves) o'erflowed with guiltless
 blood,
 When orphan troops got want without relief,
 Young widows pined, and matrons died of grief;
 While proud ascendancy's unfeeling train,
 With taunting insult would enhance their pain!
 Would still more insolent and cruel grow,
 With exultation o'er the mourner's woe!

Hibernia's histories sad tales and songs
 Speak not one tenth of all her mighty wrongs!
 Till trains of patriots sore tortures bore,
 To crown with liberty her lovely shore,
 Survivors weep at brave Fitzgerald's urn,
 And those of Emet, Orr, Bond, Tone and Byrne,
 When hundreds victims fell to Britain's spite,
 For seeking justice—a brave nation's right—
 Their noble souls are dear to Heav'n above,
 And Erin's children with unalter'd love;—
 With sad affection are their names enshrined,
 Within the bosoms of her millions kind.
 Alas! had Government one virtue bland,
 To grant them justice on their native land,
 What glorious measures would their talents guide?
 A country's honor and a Monarch's pride,

In legislation, arts, and lore to shine,
 And bless the subjects with a code benign.
 That would contentment, love and joy increase,
 And fix long pleasure in a reign of peace.
 But ah ! 'twas England's plan for doleful years,
 To rule by terror, taxes, wrongs and tears !
 To keep Hibernia's mighty sons in awe,
 With iron scepters and a step-child law !
 An eighteenth century's most horrid close,
 Has not completed nor begun our woes,
 As often prior to this mournful date,
 Were patient Irishmen beset by fate !
 Their blood tho' guiltless by whole bargains sold,
 By England's perjured pimps for plunder'd gold.
 This cruel traffic sped from time to time,
 To kill the papists was not deem'd a crime !
 Tho' murderers are doom'd from Heav'n within,
 Our tender parliaments forgave the sin ;
 'Twas for each Newel and each Feunel gain,
 In mighty guerdons for each Roman slain !!

Oh ! yet that woful year call'd ninety-eight,—
 Tears all my feelings with sad grief replete,—
 When without judge or jury sitting by,
 Whole bands were pointed out and doom'd to die,
 I saw one sheriff of the foundling sort,
 Hang thirty men one day, for morning's sport !!
 When many a victim of unhappy lot,
 Tho' just and peaceful was at labor shot ;
 When biped bloodhounds chased mild Priests with
 hate,
 Nor swore informers, but pronounced their fate !
 Their hallow'd cups were filch'd, their Missals
 spurn'd,
 Their Vestments trampled and their Chapels burn'd,
 Themselves were hang'd on trees in vernal bloom,
 Which trees decay'd with grief, and shared their
 doom !
 Yes, leafless, died with shame for guiltless blood,
 While standing horror to the weeping wood !
 Where is the walking gallows Hepenstal,
 The prosecutor, spy, and hangman tall ?
 The bloody tool by orange tyrants hired,

Till strangled numbers on his back expired !!!
 When of his ruthless gang some wanting meat,
 Cook'd up a young man's heart of which they eat !!!
 "Well" said the cannibals "we like to dine,
 On Papist's flesh, by G—d it's very fine,"
 Whose flesh was this they broil'd and eat a part ?
 O! 'twas an orange-man's most zealous heart.●
 Well, 'twas the fatter, had best pamper'd been,
 While toiling Papists' hearts unfed are lean.
 So did a government free license ope,
 To give their creatures all a dreadful scope,
 In wanton cruelty with satan's ire,
 To force poor farmers their own domes to fire !
 Who at a whipping-post were scourged when tied,
 To see their wives and daughters spoil'd beside—
 Then were those victims gored to get no cure,
 When instant death would be a blessing pure.
 Long years and commonly such deeds of dread,
 Wild woes and anarchy through Erin spread,
 To such would rulers yet, let loose their trains,
 Whom 'tis not clemency, but awe, restrains !

You English ministers, you imps of hell !
 Have sanction'd freely all these actions fell ;
 And to your partizans remain profuse,
 Of patents vengeful in the law's abuse !
 Your sideway law has been a farce—a sham,
 Untrue as toppers at their constant dram.
 'Tis freedom—fortune, to yourselves, I know,
 But Oh ! to Irishmen guile, fraud, and woe,
 Tho' you're lawmakers and lawbreakes too,
 Hang crowds all innocent, it's law for you !!
 Were you accused for crime, would you forego,
 A jury chosen from your mighty foe ?
 Were you but subject to the crown of Spain,
 Arraign'd for treason, or some crime of pain,
 Were Roman Catholic's your jurors there,
 You'd like would Protestants your verdict share,
 Why not the subject culprit's leave to draw,
 The self same weapons of a crown—the law ;
 You bar his privilege in law's abuse,
 You bind a spanniel and a mastiff loose !
 Ah ! to the neighbors ye would never do,

As you'd be happy they would do to you:
 No gen'rous impulse in your bosom rolls,
 But schemes fallacious gloom your sordid souls!
 Ye ruthless patrons of assassins dire,
 Ye dragons fanning hatred's dev'lish fire,
 Who grasp the nation's rights and give no price,
 Ye flaming head-lines of each flagrant vice,
 Ye odious cloaks of blazing bawds in paints,
 You board of Bibles, bastards, canting saints,
 Your judge and jurors are a farcial form,
 That like a wintry cloud preludes a storm,
 At least to Catholics, still so they are,
 For brave O'Connel got no trial fair;
 You held the scales with such a rank deceit,
 As wholly wronged him by dishonest weight,
 You speak of charity, you serpent's brood,
 For ever prone to malice fraud and blood!
 Slip out your peelers on the rural hinds,
 Who teem with courtesy and peaceful minds,
 To pop them all as fowler's shoot a flock,
 As once in Newtownbarry Carrickshock,
 Old Castlepolliard, Gortroe, Mulloghmast,
 And harmless bands of poor spectators blast,
 No special jury on the murd'rers call,
 But plead for homicide and save them all!
 Nor could a Catholic enjoy one hope,
 When charged with murder to escape the rope,
 He, mark'd by prejudice with jealous eye,
 E'en from a circumstance was doom'd to die;
 You feign suspicions and a fear of crime,
 Increasing peelers in a peaceful time,
 Your guardian angels these, all prone as you,
 To charge the guiltless, with the crimes they do,
 Or hint to delegates by night and day,
 To swear the Catholic's in troops away!
 From top to bottom all your faithless crew,
 The guile and wickedness of hell pursue,
 Who on all mankind would each falsehood foist?
 Ye graceless volunteers of anti-Christ!!!
 Ye have O'Connel now most falsely bound,
 And deem your burning spite in triumph crown'd,
 To him this martyrdom more glory brings,
 Than fifty scepters to their tyrant kings,

His noble mind and soul cannot be tied,
 But free as air that fans the mountains side.
 Your paltry acts have fired each honest breast,
 To love O'Connel brave, and you detest !!
 Oh ! from his dungeon deep shall freedom bright,
 In joy rescusitate with tenfold light ;
 Just as a vernal sun from winter's gloom,
 Would laugh o'er low'ring clouds, and worlds illumine,
 With him his country too shall rise to be,
 The most delightful nurse of millions free,
 Aloft on starry cliffs her motto given,
 Shall publish freedom in the lights of Heav'n.

No more to England shall Hibernians kneel,
 While nations echo the sweet word Repeal ;
 Great Moses pray'd ten times a Pharoh bold,
 No more the Hebrews in the chain to hold,
 Till he succeeded to the tyrant's grief,
 But th' English Tories ne'er would grant relief,
 When we have pray'd them the two hundredth time,
 Their sanguine ministers grow hot for crime,
 Who robb'd sweet Erin ! while they gorge the prey,
 They strive to veil their frauds by shameful plea !

Dear Land, whole forty-four sad years I viewed,
 Thy patience taunted and thy woes renewed,
 Curtailed thy franchise and thy wealth decreased,
 Thy Charters nullified—thy debt increased,
 Great institutions for thy weal supplied,
 All in the Union's blighting mildew died !
 Thy golden commerce and thy busy trade,
 Were quickly paralyzed, thy boards decay'd,
 Thy once great factories, what sadness glooms
 Those towns that echoed to the merry looms.
 No more in Autumn can the flaxen field
 To village fair ones a rich prospect yield,
 In rest reluctant pine the smiling throng,
 And pallid want has hushed their choral song ;
 No weavers counting gold in linen halls,
 Awake life's din within their lonely walls,
 That all in Jumbled wrecks and ruins lie,
 To pain remembrance of good years gone by !

What caused these dismal woes, whence come the fate
 Of Erin's glory in her pride of State,
 That for two thousand years—four hundred more;
 Has owned a Dynasty which crown'd her shore,
 The wisest Monarchs, kindest, bravest, best,
 That ruled with justice and a nation bless'd
 To watch their happiness and wealth's increase,
 Their science commerce and internal peace,
 How speak the records that will live with time,
 Of Olum Fódhla's* Code of law sublime,
 Replete with talent, rights, peace, love, and glee,
 Which gave contentment to a nation free.

On thee green Tara no proud columns rise,
 To keep remembrance of thy Monarch's wise,
 Tho' many a Kingdom with a well won praise,
 Should grateful piles of fame to Cormac raise,
 Who drew thy psalter up without a flaw,
 To which all Europe owes the price of law!

Sweet Isle, thy holy saints in vigil sure,
 Have bred thy children to each moral pure,
 In sacred principle that has not fail'd,
 Tho' through fell centuries of blood assail'd,
 Their Priests' injunctions with devoted care,
 In sound confession kept their conduct fair;
 Who still their Pastors with just awe revere,
 Hence Erin's virtues lead a bright career.
 When oft misrule with scourge of branching pains,
 To wild distraction's brink oft whipp'd her swains,
 When evil Magistrates would wrongs increase,
 The priests would always teach their flocks to peace.
 Ah! kind forgiveness who could more impart,
 With fellow feeling than an Irish heart,
 All frank and friendly social love to share,
 No future vengeance e'er could nestle there,
 The present onset vends its anger hot,
 That in a foe's repentance is forgot,
 Hibernians merging from long sorrows gloom;
 Eternal wreaths around your brows will bloom,
 Whose Regal pedigree we truly trace,
 To faithful Abraham a chosen race,

*One of Ireland's Monarchs.

All prone to Equity where justice reign'd,
 Ah! not for ages to Hibernia deign'd
 Since base Mac Murrough oped her fortress gate,
 Stole in the Saxon and began her fate,
 Not all the Romans who had conquest hurl'd
 O'er all save her a shock'd and trembling world,
 Could from bold Irishmen invasion win,
 Till that base traitor stole the tories in.

This fatal circumstance of grief and gloom,
 For seven ages past was Erin's doom,
 Till England's Reformation oped a flood,
 Of devastation, horror, tears, and blood!
 Of which historians have already told,
 But all I witnessed I must here unfold,
 Since Harry's hurricane of slaughter dread,
 Hell's fiery dragon o'er three Kingdoms sped,
 And of their guiltless blood whole rivers swept,
 As when mild Rachael her loved children wept,
 Till Bess, his daughter, by his daughter Ann!
 With persecution's blazing faggots ran,
 With modern Babylon's new listed train,
 Who burn'd the temples of our fair Domain,
 Sweet Erin's Hierarchy and Lords bereft,
 Till bloody Cromwell seized the remnant left!
 These cruel delegates of Moloch tore,
 The Sacred Abbies, and in plunder bore,
 Their hallow'd furniture without remorse,
 Like old Belshazar, and defied the curse!
 Transferred their glebelands ev'ry rood and perch,
 To feed lay pastors of a novel Church,
 Whose flock in Erin make no tenth of those,
 Who have supplied her wealth by many woes!

An anti-christian Prince had power fell,
 And arch apostates got the keys of hell,
 Who in licentious scope of passion warm,
 Hatch'd jarring heresies' encreasing swarm,
 Then taxes frauds and impositions bore,
 A peculating band around the shore,
 Succeeding Regal villains stained a crown,
 And broke the fortune of three nations down!
 As profligacy saxes of pence not one,

Of taxes millions were ill got—ill gone!
 But now the new Church got a legal scope,
 To counteract the conscience, faith, and hope,
 And many a man by her was doomed to bleed,
 Or burn in torments for a Saviour's creed!!
 While from that law church groups of churches grew,
 In creeds all varying and doctrines new,
 But never can demand a cent to gain,
 Of all she plunders from a toiling train,
 And Church of Christ, altho' they don't agree
 Amid themselves they're all opposed to thee!!
 For ever Unity in faith and form,
 Whole eighteen ages thou hast braved the storm,
 Not hell's worst tempest could thy Ark o'erwhelm,
 God built her—promised to direct her helm.
 But oh! this law church with unnumber'd woes,
 Has to Hibernia been the worst of foes,
 While bloody tithemen play'd around her shore,
 The mournful tragedies of balls and gore!
 When ruthless peelers who all grace forgot,
 Robb'd weeping widows and young orphans shot!
 On many times and places o'er her plains,
 Where yet their guiltless blood her shamroc stains,
 Oh! cruel murder! who can shun thy fright,
 From horrid spectres, wild and ghastly sight,
 Who show the bleeding wounds beyond relief,
 Whose parents burn with stings of ceaseless grief!
 The yearning of affection torn with care,
 In fruitless pity grief and long despair,
 Of nature's dearest pledge and hope forlorn,
 In sighs to drain the source of tears till morn!
 To force eight millions by coercive law,
 Degraded trammels in sore toil to draw,
 A pompous hierarchy to feed in sloth,
 Who hate their nation all, their faith and troth,
 To give rich luxuries with grand costume,
 To Clergy, studious of a people's doom,
 Who in confession or at pray'r ne'er bend,
 To those who slowly their own flocks attend,
 But murder Catholics or get support,
 Shows vice flagitious in a British Court!
 Long wailing supplicants to hold in awe,
 By Stanley's "bay'net bills" and martial law!

Oh! these are of the fruits a Union bore,
 With blood and grief to sweet Hibernia's shore.
 Ah! no such cruel deeds could there be seen,
 While Irish Senates were in College Green,
 Whose legislators, not the nation's foes,
 Had known the people's nature, wants, and woes,
 And were at hand to view their pain and grief,
 To ply the sanatives of sound relief,
 But oh! the fatal Union which broke loose,
 A tide of mighty ills in life's abuse,
 Till sanctioned villains who disgrace a clime,
 Tore up the floodgates of each glaring crime,
 Ne'er have the cruel Pachas thirsted more,
 For harmless blood within a Grecian shore,
 Nor made a Russian horde of harden'd souls,
 More brutal havoc on the valiant Poles!
 Nor at Cabool of late have Britons shed,
 More blood of mothers nor more infants bled,
 Than English monsters spilt in Erin dear,
 Till brave O'Connell stopp'd their fell career!

No compromise my friends in fed'ral state,
 But cut each thread that bound ye to your fate,
 From those who hate you, quite be disengaged,
 And Erin's fest'ring wounds will be assuaged,
 Repeal the curse, get home your Senate fair,
 And let no British poison mingle there,
 I have remembered when in Dublin last;
 'Twas rip'ning penal laws your weal to blast!

Alas! When Castlereagh and Pitt combined,
 To have Hibernia's State to Britain's join'd
 How groaned a Cabinet with mighty throes,
 To bring a Union forth and Irish woes,
 When Castlehacks on evils nest were prone,
 To have the gorgon teeth of discord sown,
 All wicked systems there were hatch'd or plann'd
 In wild commotion to immure the land!
 The volunteers had vow'd to keep all hale,
 The Constitution of sweet Innisfail,
 But Orange malice mix'd her bowl with fate,
 And changed their patriotic love to hate,
 When "break-of-day-men" boldly sallied forth,

To drive the Papists from the bloody North,
 "To hell or Connaught" thousands reck'd the voice,
 And took the latter as the milder choice,
 While such as had not timely there escaped,
 Beheld their wives despoiled their daughters raped,
 Whole villas burning, none escaped the rage,
 Of ruffians sparing neither sex nor age;
 It was the mothers grief the sisters lot,
 To see the husband son and brother shot!
 These wrongs not government would check nor chide,
 Who favor'd Orangemen as pets of pride,
 Till Presbyterians urged the whiteboys sway,
 To bar those murd'ring fiends call'd break-o'-day,
 When Papists self defence would hence employ,
 'Twould rouse the malice of a false Vice Roy!
 To have the Catholics in prison rife,
 As lawless rebels to be tried for life,
 O! by a jury who had sworn before,
 To walk or wade knee deep in papists gore!
 To have them sentenced by a bloody Court,
 Who'd hang them wholesale for a common sport!
 'Mid these and perjurers well paid with care,
 Would transportation be a blessing rare,
 But each old gallows was yet stronger made,
 For constant bus'ness in a heavy trade!!

The soul of Freedom with indignant pain,
 Roused all its energies to burst the chain,
 But tho' Fitzgerald, Tone, and Emmet died,
 With many heroes once to Erin pride,
 And though mean tories got vague pleasure crown'd,
 In brave O'Connell and compatriots bound,
 O! Short is bliss to each malignant will,
 As glorious Liberty will triumph still.
 The rights of Erin swept in England's car,
 Urged brave united men's defensive war,
 Provoked by many a wrong and insult new,
 To crown a ministry's fallacious view,
 When zeal for justice sped Hibernians brave,
 To fill the freeman's post or soldier's grave,
 Alas! too thoughtless of the prime deceit,
 Which caused the fatal burst of Ninety-eight.*

*1798.

'Twas in that year the world's unrivalled star,
 The great O'Connell first illumed the Bar,
 When Justice, logic, style and speech refined,
 Whose magic splendor sway'd the public mind,
 Tho' fire and blood had scope that hapless year,
 Some great achievements graced his bright career,
 He stripp'd the murd'rous wig off Toler's pate,
 And saved brave patriots from certain fate !
 But though his pedigree with honor brings,
 His race emblazon'd with Melesian kings,
 Tho' for his country's great redemption born,
 With all the virtues that could man adorn,
 In vain exerted was his mighty lore,
 To save the birthright of his native shore,
 For then rebellion's curse had rung aloud,
 Its threat'ning echoes in a dismal cloud,
 That o'er poor "Croppies" hung in dreary gloom,
 Who sought the lonely wilds to fly their doom,
 When spies, informers, and the castle's brood,
 Were paid for perjury and guiltless blood !

A British Ministry elate, enjoy'd,
 This great advantage and their wile employ'd
 A reconciliation of the state pretend,
 And name a Union for its safest end,
 Whose first proposal was an insult sure,
 As that of idle touch to vestals pure ;
 'Twas freedom's death-knell through Hibernian air,
 The sound of slavery and black despair !
 But Pitt with cunning schemes and guile replete,
 And Castlereagh too big with rank deceit,
 The country-selling matricides applied,
 To have the gordian-knot of Erin tied—
 Yes, bribed, mean traitors, like the Myley Kanes,
 To foist duplicity on rural swains,
 But all in vain till those base hireling plann'd,*
 To forge the people's names with changeful hand !
 With false petitions and each glozing plea,
 That brand the mother-killing Castlereagh,
 Who like a Judas his free country sold,
 Of glory stripp'd her for his idol gold,
 Oh ! when he cut her throat and left her prone,
 To crown the tragic scene he cut his own ! ! !

*Castlereagh.

Could Pandemonium's council do more guile,
 Than those have done to rob my native Isle ?
 Of which proud strangers statesman made a sport,
 As few lov'd Erin were thy friends in Court,
 If Gratan, Burk, and Fox thy battle fought,
 From thee brave Curran's love was never bought.
 But ah ! thy native sons who made pure laws,
 Had lost their license to defend thy cause,
 When hole and corner plans for stealth were made,
 By public robbers who thy life betray'd
 When twenty millions were thy easy debt,
 Two hundred fold the same owe'd Britain yet !
 Till by the Union she got labor free,
 To press the sorrows of her load on thee !
 Thy step-child, Parli'ments ne'er just have been,
 As thy old native sons in College green,
 These loved thy welfare true, but that for pelf,
 In spite of mighty law destroy'd itself !
 Some stipulations on a formal scale,
 Were made in consequence for Innisfail,
 Whose children orphanized and reft of power,
 Lost—wept their mother in her bridal hour,
 While traitors, reckless of her total fate,
 Got bribes and pensions with high ranks in state—
 Oh ! yes, all matricides commissions won,
 Each country-selling pimp enrich'd his son !
 The farce of Union was perused with care,
 By Speaker Foster to the Lord of Clare,
 All rights immunities trade commerce laws,
 Were promised Erin, as in Britain's cause,
 All charters, franchise, institutions free,
 Were to her children signed in this decree,
 To which the ministry of England swore,
 To make them good to Erin ever more,
 But broke these treaties by deception base,
 Like those of Limerick on a former case,
 They make all sanctity their common jokes,
 As violated as their harlot's cloaks !!!
 Yes, England plunder'd us—our fortune tore,
 And native glory from our weeping shore !
 Her strength was paralys'd that baleful hour,
 That she was ravish'd of her legal power.
 Ah ! how transmitted was my country fair,

Her sons had since been mured in clouds of care,
 Her air grew morbid with a sickly gloom,
 Her flowers pining lost their vivid bloom,
 Her grass and herbage felt the sudden blight,
 And lost their nutrimental power quite, [graze,
 Bees mourn'd their sweets, the kine were loath to
 Where milk and honey flow'd in former days,
 The very atmosphere with storms deranged,
 Declared the nature of her climate changed !
 The doleful warblers mourn'd throughout the dales,
 And tones of grief atuned the pensive gales,
 The former cheer of life to sadness fell,
 When Erin's Parl'ment bid long farewell ! !

A people hoped for years with anxious eye,
 To see the Union's bliss of blessings high,
 But found alas ! instead of kind relief,
 New chains augmented for encreasing grief!
 That quickly ruined all our trades and marts,
 When swelling taxes rents and broken hearts,
 Oh ! not one law produced humane or just,
 But all vexation horror and disgust,
 Which gave some great men whips to yoke a train,
 To bless the lordling and to scourge the swain,
 Depopulating Acts,* and wrecking Bills,
 Have swept just tenants off their native hills,
 To give some rich freeholders scope of ground,
 To have ambition in their landlords crown'd,
 The heartless absentees who wring their store,
 From Irish labors to a foreign shore,
 And leave behind them not to check the sin,
 Those plund'ring agents call'd the whippers-in
 And whippers-out, who from their homes away,
 Have thrust whole families the snowy day,
 Whose present solvency must soon decline,
 As various losses in the change combine !
 When closed the tenure of an ancient lease,
 Exilement glooms the cots of toil and peace,
 The grateful pilgrim sees in ruins low,
 Those dwellings long benign to want and woe,
 Ah ! where shall thousan ds, thus left houseless roam,
 Short life to end, in grief, expell'd from home,

*Sublating Acts.

To desert, heathy tracts they now repair,
 To meet retirement from surrounding care,
 Where love still cherish'd in condolance bent,
 Indulges fancy in a night's content,
 And female beauty hides from praise and scorn,
 With brighter virtues than a Court adorn !

Behold surrounding miles the flow'ry plains,
 Untill'd for ages, but some watchful swains
 Attend the fattening herds of cows and sheep,
 While wrapp'd in mountain clouds brave tenants weep
 See o'er expanding bogs a dreary scene,
 Of wretched hovels in small spots of green,
 Of want and maladies the gloomy seats,
 Of grief and slavery the dull retreats,
 Where years of toil are lost, the swain beguiled,
 In vain ameliorates the heathy wild,
 Whose pits when fill'd and surface wrapp'd in clay,
 Are found too precious and he's forced away.
 So millions plunder'd of their wealth deplore,
 True justice absent from their native shore,
 Who prone to labor by good landlords sped,
 In base mendicities would share no bread,
 But Oh ! you victims of misrule's great curse,
 Where lead ye ling'ring life in what resource,
 Some tory Grazier for one crop to pray,
 And sixty dollars for one acre pay !

Oh ! wretched peasantry, your toil how great,
 How dear your bread at that enormous rate !
 Your well done labor, food, and seed are lost,
 The crop is dear for all the rent it cost.
 My retrospective mem'ry looks with tears,
 Sweet Erin's happier state of other years ;
 Yes when her senate nobly just and bland,
 With peace and plenty crown'd that beauteous land ;
 But lo ! the victims of misruiling spite,
 Bereft o'er forty years of ev'ry right,
 Are forced to lowest shifts, for living dear,
 To earn a daily sixpence half the year,
 When spring and autumn claim the hurried toil,
 Base misers goad them while they dig the soil,
 And bear more drudgery, pain, want, and scorn,

Than gloomy negroes in the harness torn,
 How oft and sadly groans the worried swain,
 Oft bathed equally with sweat and rain !
 To share the scanty root that chance allows,
 With naked children and a sickly spouse,
 In dreary hovels for short life design'd,
 The loose receptacles of rain and wind,
 And here if sturdy frames escape decay,
 How shall they struggle with a famine's sway ?
 The stern foreteller with a measure nice,
 Supplies their food impure for two fold price !
 Disposed on credit, while three dollars draw,
 Two more half yearly int'rest three by law !
 Whereby the mournful swain to jail is sped,
 From infants weeping round their mother dead.
 Whence came those woes upon the land in haste,
 When bogs are colonized and uplands waste,
 Hence not from population's swelling tide,
 An absent parliament more ill supplied,
 And tory agents who have riches plann'd,
 In whipping tenants from their native land,
 To which that agent's kine and sheep are brought
 Perhaps for eighteen months to graze for nought,
 His fraudulent genius in a single view,
 Deceives his master and the tenants too !
 And truly zealous to Hibernia's fate,
 Wild insurrection as the cause mistate,
 Still intimating to the landlord's pain,
 That no new tenant dares to hold the plain,
 That threat'ning notices his private scrawl,
 Are thro' the country on each gate and wall,
 The castle echoes to an idle sound,
 A police barrack is for taxes crown'd
 Where unmolested men enjoy full pay,
 For hunting shadows from the fields away !

Oh ! Irish nation, tho' brave, just, and true,
 All Earth can't show a people wrong'd as you,
 So fleeced, so robb'd, so duped by cruel power,
 Since e'er the Union's dark and luckless hour !
 A curious Union of the kingdoms three,
 To make them various laws—the worst for ye !
 But rouse and agitate, Oh ! ne'er give oe'r,

'Till you from English bonds redeem your shore,
 For tho' your leaders now in prison lie,
 'Tis but a transient mist that glooms your sky,
 The brave O'Brien will illume the way,
 Till Dan and Liberty will cheer the day,
 Oh! let me see one bliss before my grave,
 A glorious triumph to O'Connel brave,
 From youth to age I waited freedom's call,
 With Erin's Patriots to stand or fall!
 But Erin, mighty Oceans roar between,
 Me lonely exil'd and thy fairy scene,
 While yet my love and hope are wing'd to see,
 Thy pristine splendor shine, thy children free,
 Farewell ye charming scenes! could I once more,
 Enjoy some Eden of your smiling shore,
 Where o'er your woody lakes high mountains frown,
 And stellar gallaxies their summits crown,
 Whose gloomy bosoms teem with various mines,
 Tho' wanting gainful toil the peasant pines,
 To see thy harbours and Atlantic bays,
 Ne'er sought by railroads nor bedeck'd with quays,
 Where crowded shipping still might wing the sail,
 Of busy commerce round sweet Innisfail,

Majestic Mountains, from your lunar height,
 A grand horizon would my soul delight,
 Where Shannons glitter mid the woodland's bloom,
 And lakes like silver sheets the vales illume,
 Where Domes near ivied fanes display their pride,
 But mournful cotters dwell in fens beside,
 Who claim a drainage bill, employment, bread,
 More bliss and beauty round the land to spread,
 Wrong'd Erin thirty years has pray'd in vain,
 That grant, and other needful acts, to gain,
 But Irish peasants 'twould not pass for you,
 An English train would get your work to do!
 O! not a Catholic tho' bright enjoys,
 A place of profit in her state employs,
 But foundlings, panders, traitors—spies obtain,
 Misruling favor through the fair Domain!
 Farewell ye mountains which in days of yore,
 Majestic telegraphs for Monarch's bore,
 Whose trusty signals taught your warrior host,

From Danish inroads to defend your coast,
 O! ev'n in dreams I love your brows to see,
 Where once in mirthful youth my heart was free,
 Alone or mingling in the groups of play,
 I'd seek your lovely views, now far away!
 The Pole's great footstools of theatric form,
 That from the flow'ry vales restrain'd the storm,
 Those clouded rocks distilling limpid rills,
 Gave never failing drinks to busy mills;
 Ah! mills long restive since the farming swain,
 Betimes in Autumn sells the solid grain,
 Too cheap to foreigners whose profits be,
 In sales of rackrent for an absentee.
 Ah! from those lofty piles I'll never see,
 Thy shades of friendship truly dear to me,
 Lakes, rivers, woodland hills, that viles disclose,
 Where social virtue shines mid gloomy woes!
 Where female beauties with a pious care,
 Would press each trav'ler to the rural fare,
 And hearing sorrow's tale their tears would shower,
 Like dew-drops falling from the morning flower.
 May ye fair villas with each blessing teem,
 May right, and freedom's glory o'er ye beam,
 Exempt from ev'ry ill that could annoy,
 Calm seats of minstrelsey, and rural joy,
 Where shall your bashful daughters refuge look,
 When war is prompted by a doating Duke,
 Who pants to have them and their friends done o'er,
 In streams of harmless blood and heaps of Gore!

Is he sweet Erin thy exalted son,
 Who burns with malice 'till thou art undone?
 A second Nero mid thy hamlets born,
 To have the matrix of his mother torn,
 To joy in hasting wreck of native home,
 As that fell monster laugh'd at blazing Rome;
 So would base Wellington urge Erin's grief,
 Because her sons, long injured, claim relief,
 Is he the man for whom thy heroes bold,
 Have gain'd prize, pension, rank—a star of gold,
 When thy brave "Leave-the-ways"* 'mid blades and
 balls,

*The Fungaballaghs.

Sweet fame's proud eagle from the mighty Gauls !
 Thy valiant sons long fear'd and famed afar,
 Have saved proud England from the tides of war ;
 They won her triumphs o'er the seas and plains,
 Great wealth and trophies in her dread campaigns,
 She found them loyal tho' unjust her cause,
 'Tho she rewards their sons with grinding laws,
 With insult, rank injustice, Britons' shame;
 Who hate an Irishman's immortal fame !
 Whose talents, glory, virtue o'er each clime
 Will stand a proud memorial during time !

Sweet Erin, mighty were thy sons of yore,
 In legislation, war, in arts, and lore;
 No single nation could their arms outsway,
 Unless a traitor would their cause betray.
 When nine great hostages by Nial were won,
 One hundred battles by thy glorious Con,
 Proud England then got safety in her fear,
 But these are dead, and she has full career,
 Ah ! should not gratitude love merit well,
 And with rememb'ring sighs affection tell,
 For one brave Irishman who step'd on board,
 A Danish frigate 'mid a vengeful horde,
 He caught their haughty Chief and said "no more,
 Unhallow'd feet shall tread Hibernia's shore,"
 So plunging with him in the flowing tide,
 He in brave triumph for his Country died !!!
 While Erin's many woes large volumes fill,
 Renown is blazon'd on her banner still,
 Not only from her sons of mighty arms,
 But noble valor veil'd in female charms,
 Since great MacLoghlin's* daughter, love's delight,
 Slew seven thousand Danes one sportive night !
 As of their loathsome crew to clear the shore,
 The glorious Borou crush'd twelve thousand more !
 And tho' his noble feat long fame supplied,
 That Dame's achievment lives in greater pride,
 Who made Turgesius to her virtue just,
 A slain, sin off'ring for his daring lust,
 So had mild Judith once brave zeal employ'd,
 And Holofernes in his tent destroy'd,

*One of Ireland's Monarch's.

When holy fervor urged her noble deed,
 Which hebrew thousands from the slaughter freed!
 Our Irish Princess in her model sped,
 To crush whole troops and leave a tyrant dead!
 There should a column to her honor smile,
 Instead of Wellington's detested pile.
 Yes, let the moralist o'er nations trace,
 All female piety and virgin grace,
 The mildest, sweetest of the sex are found,
 With lore and virtue in Hibernia crown'd,
 Replete with sympathy, averse to crime,
 Whose virtues mirror-like will shine through time,
 Her saints, bright sages, and true Bards refined,
 Eternal Archives to illume the mind,
 E'en clement Alfred who Britania sway'd,
 A legislator was in Erin made,
 And to a semblance of her copy true,
 Drew up the fairest code e'er England knew,
 A code which bless'd her King—her subjects more,
 Who praised the school in which he got his lore!
 But oh! since Cromwell's wreck o'ergloom'd the day,
 Succeeding tyrants with relentless sway,
 Suppress'd all science in my country dear,
 Oppression's victim durst not murmur here.
 But learning's embers sunk, ne'er yet undone,
 Survived to kindle in a future sun,
 When lore and liberty will flash in light,
 From genius beaming there as noonday bright,
 And these, loved Erin, will remove thy bane,
 Restore thy Parliment and cure thy pain—
 Establish Justice not for ages there,
 And crown with native bliss thy friendly cheer,
 'Tis time on all thy wounds a salve to lay,
 And suck the Scorpions' poison all away,
 Britanic serpents who inflict new sores,
 Would pump the vitals from your inmost pores,
 Oh! let me tell while now my heart o'erflows,
 A short detail of all thy many woes,
 Thy tory magistrates abusing law,
 In party incidents not worth a straw,
 Who take wrong cognizance of light offence,
 And magnify it still for spite and pence,
 'Tho' depositions may be falsely made,

The Bench o'erlook it if the Clerk is paid !
 The Liberator and Repealers brave,
 Adopted kinder plans the poor to save,
 By arbitration to suppress debate,
 And stop in amity much cost and hate.

Now great grand jury-men for heavy gain,
 With needless taxes load the toiling swain,
 For roads and bridges o'er a swamp or lake,
 A nearer passage to their domes to make
 E'en have the holds of terror's dismal shade,
 For hateful troops of rats, and swallows made,
 On scale extensive that could now embrace,
 Nine hundred prisoners with an ample space,
 But yet where seven in the worst of times,
 Were ne'er confined at once for serious crimes,
 O! blest was Erin's just and peaceful age,
 When Rulers urged no cause of crime and rage,
 But truckling tyrants now get wealth unblest,
 By huxt'ring taxes o'er a train oppress !
 May seraphs aid O'Connell's bright career,
 He loves the people and to them he's dear,
 Not war, wealth, misery, nor art could move
 One true Hibernian to forget his love.
 For he intends to cleanse without a pause,
 An Augean stable of long tainted laws,
 From hence to free this Isle most wrong'd on earth,
 The land enobled in his glorious birth,
 The fairest landscape on this globe display'd,
 With scenes romantic, an elysian shade,
 Whose mountain bulwarks the wild storm disdain,
 And o'er their soaring clouds behold the main,
 With em'rald cliffs that glitter in the sky,
 Sweet beacons joyful to the seaman's eye,
 And like fair nurses' breasts their springs propel,
 In healthful streamlets through each flowry dell,
 Where wholesome odours rise from herbage pure,
 Whence ev'ry malady obtains a cure,
 Where saints or lovers may repose all night,
 Nor fear the poison of a reptile's bite.

Where shall her exiles, all a pensive band,
 Find o'er the spacious globe so fair a land,

With peace, contentment and resources wide,
 Were these developed all and well applied,
 But she suspended from her own affairs,
 Became a busy mart for British wares,
 Hence for monopolists high profits rest,
 In all her commerce, trade and wealth depress'd !
 Ah ! how precluded from industry's aims,
 Are crowds of hardy youths and bloomy dames ?
 Who'd rather work abroad with spirit brave,
 Than in a poorhouse want and vainly crave,
 The base mendicity of fraudulent care,
 In which fat prey-birds grasp the poorman's share !
 By filch'd instalments these in ev'ry way,
 Are fleeced by each who holds a whip in sway !
 When thou art plunder'd Erin, lost in grief,
 Has England deign'd thee such a sad relief,
 As crime-less prisons made with cost immense,
 All calculated at thy own expense,
 A scourge, an insult, an infliction sore,
 A cross to aggravate thy sorrows more,
 In taxing tenants of the rackrent grounds,
 To pay one officer two thousand pounds !
 These one Commissioner is yearly paid,
 Who in a British poorhouse pick'd his trade !
 Whose host of underlings and he are sure,
 To fat, but fraudulently starve the poor,
 Yes ! eighty thousand sanction'd by the Bill,
 While 'mid poor farmers, beg two millions still,
 Lo ! monstrous daily claims give none relief,
 While tax and paupers double tenants grief,
 A cess got up to fatten English pets,
 But in this poorhouse each Hibernian frets,
 The daily pittance can a brave man deal,
 Three pounds of 'tatoes' and a pint of meal,
 One pint of buttermilk to sweeten food ! ! !
 To please the palate and dilute the blood,
 While doom'd to hammer stone in freezing wind,
 In shirt of Canvas and thin robes unlined !
 For him no hamlet smokes—no vista blooms,
 While he is 'mured within dull empty rooms—
 In some lone cell his wife is doomed to weep,
 While in a different ward his children sleep,
 For he and one of these can ne'er compose,

A dear-loved circle to condole their woes,
Nor share the sweetest bliss from Heaven above,
The voice of pity and the smile of love.

O! yes, loved Erin for long ages past,
Thy cup of gall and grief o'erflowed at last!
For since Fitz William show'd thee grace all fair,
As when dark winter hails one sunbeam rare,
An English Cabinet in four month's time,
Recall'd his mercy from thy injured clime,
Till each succeeding tyrant, bad and worse,
Soon made superlative thy linking curse,
Of forty doleful year's misrule and dread,
Till glorious Normanby his noon rays shed,
To cheer thy weeping fair, revive thy swains,
by two year's justice which relieved their pains,
He sped true bliss until the hapless hour,
A tory ministry arrived to power,
When gloom'd the welkin got, bright hope and glee,
Beneath a spiteful, heartless, weak De Grey,
Alas! who came not one good act to do,
But work the ministry of curses new!
He raised the hate-worn sheet of orange spite,
To gloom a nation's views of freedom bright,
But his poor subterfuge wont long prevail,
Against the noble friends of Innisfail.

Farewell my father-land, each blessing share,
Sweet object of my love and daily care,
Could I enjoy thee once ere life should close,
To be partaker of thy bliss or woes,
With all thy children for thy rights to try,
And in the cause of justice live or die,
That in the latter case some friend of trust,
Would blend my ashes with my parents' dust,
Each month afar from thee has seem'd a year,
While time and distance make thee doubly dear.
Alas! could pity's balm suffice to heal,
The last insulting wound thy children feel!
All Irish hearts that feel th' electric shock,
Would round thy Liberty's great banner flock,
To crown sweet Erin's glory, fame, and pride,
The sweetest flower of the Oceans wide.

Oh! that my remnant of long-harass'd life,
 Could see Hibernia bless'd devoid of strife,
 Or if a needless war her tyrants fire,
 Beside O'Connell would my breath expire,
 Or yet survive to hear his triumph sung,
 In strains of rapture by each freeman's tongue,
 To see his toil of fifty years succeed,
 To crown his bliss in having Erin free'd,
 Wherever thousands of her exiles roam,
 As pensive exiles from their native home,
 She claims their pity tho' beyond the main,
 To wrest her nobly from the british chain,
 For shame eternal is false friendship's meed,
 Withholding succor in the time of need.

Come ev'ry Irishman within the shore,
 From old Magellan's straits to Labradore,
 Defend your father's honor, fame, and grace,
 And fling her insults back on England's face,
 When you are safely on Columbia's shore,
 Can you feel tender thoughts of home no more ?
 When Erin's blood-stained foes exult with pride,
 To have by perjured plans her Father tied,
 Oh! while your brothers hold for glory strife,
 Can you be reckless of their death or life ?
 Can you be shamless, without love to see,
 Your mother country and her Altars free ?
 If you're an Irishman deny it not,
 By whom that beauteous land can't be forgot,
 But with his noble and indignant flame,
 Assert her ancient rights and deathless fame,
 O! to the stranger give no cause to say,
 "Yon scorn'd your native land when far away,
 When you so spurious prove, so base, unkind,
 You should no freedom in Columbia find."
 If you're a bastard of a mungrel sire,
 And neither liberty nor fame desire,
 But lurk at meetings and half heedless hear,
 Sweet Erin's sorrows told, then grin and jeer !
 To give no succor while she bears the cross,
 Must prove your bygot and commingled dross,
 Your ichor'd coldness tells you're basely born,
 While you are pointed out with hate and scorn !

But O! the patriotic gen'rous band,
 Who breathe affection to their native land,
 And show with horror in such kind behest,
 The noblest feelings of the human breast,
 O! may my son whom love and talents crown,
 E'en cling to Erin 'mid each threat and frown,
 That none can tell him since he cross'd the waves,
 That he got birth within a land of slaves.

I call on Irishmen of mental power,
 To fling its lustre on this gloomy hour,
 And show how tories have fallacious been,
 In sending Oxford once to shoot their Queen,
 And others afterwards, to strike her down,
 That orange Ernest would usurp her crown!
 Let her beware of those tho' kind they seem,
 Alone the traitors who bold treason scheme,
 The Peels, the Wellingtons, and Rodens, too,
 De Grays, and Lortons are to Ernest true,
 The tory ministry would round him cling—
 To him they're sworn, he is their Orange King!
 Of vice the patrons, of just rights the foe,
 Britannia's final curse, and Erin's woe,
 The perjured Beadles of a plund'ring state,
 Who bound O'Connell by false means of late.

This meanest shift of all their wicked arts,
 Has torn the inmost nerve of noble hearts,
 That, as each rill to one great ocean draws,
 In tides are coming to Hibernia's cause,
 That swelling o'er the globe with mighty sway,
 Will bear th' opposing ramparts all away,
 Unbounded joy will spread the canvas wide,
 And freedom's ark will o'er the waters ride.

Then speed, true Irishmen around New York,
 With brave Americans the nation's work, [store,
 While through the States bright fair ones grant their
 That brave O'Connell shall be tied no more,
 And thou, sweet Albany, with honor crown'd,
 Much are thy sons and lovely dames renown'd!
 Long shall remembrance laud their splendid zeal,
 Their love for liberty and quick Repeal,

Long may the children of Hibernia's land,
 Give thanks to Seward truly brave and bland,
 The noble Governor whose climax bright,
 Pure sense and logic sound, all hearts ignite,
 The soaring beauty of his florid style,
 Shed o'er my sorrows an enchanting smile,
 His bounty splendid and his classic strains,
 Reverb with joy around my native plains !
 Whose sons and daughters with a grateful flame,
 Will ring loud plaudits to young Tyler's name,
 Whose buoyant sentiments and speeches fine,
 Like honied garlands round our hearts entwine,
 The splendid scholar of a mind humane,
 Whose talents well deserve to rule a train,
 To prompt a nation's commerce, weal employ,
 The rich man's pleasure and the poor one's joy,
 Thrice hail to Johnson whose undaunted soul,
 In freedom's glorious cause ne'er brooks control,
 T' espouse a nation's right with martial pride,
 In war's dread peril and her fate decide,
 To quell injustice he would lead the van,
 While brightest virtues grace that potent man,
 Whose tender pity for Hibernia glows,
 To check her tyrants and redress her woes.

When such brave men as these our hope inspire,
 What Irish heart can glow with trepid fire,
 When freedom's banner waves o'er ev'ry hill,
 What soul in slavery can be mute and still ?
 You Irish race who saved a stranger's throne,
 Can you consign to fate sweet home your own,
 Yes, once your own till English laws and chains,
 Her frauds and villanies bereft your swains ;
 Till one paternal rod ye had no more,
 Which left ye wand'ring on a foreign shore !
 Then rally bravely now, I pray you will,
 The filial duty of true sons fulfil,
 Behold your native land all Europe's flower,
 Fleeced, robb'd, and plunder'd by misruling power,
 Whose last base insult like a poison'd dart,
 Is rankling, raging in each patriot's heart,
 When brave O'Connell mid his virtues bright,
 Is lately victimized by tory spite !

Then start from lethargy, his cause defend,
 And into atoms all his trammels rend,
 The mind of millions who increase with zeal,
 Will burst the barriers that obstruct repeal!
 Then rally, agitate, Oh! never cease,
 Till you establish Erin's joy and peace,
 Till fame and glory be around her seen—
 Her native Parliament in COLLEGE GREEN!

ERRATA.—Read in the 19th page, third line "*with*" instead of "*when*."



THE CAPTIVES OF LIBERTY.

AIR—*Banks of the Suir.*

Far, far from thy mountains loved Erin,
Whose cliffs 'mid the stars proudly shine;
Affection yet calls me to share in
O'Connell's deep sorrows and thine.

On all thy great woes I'm not sleeping,
Thou fairest, most wrong'd of domains,
In rage bands of heroes are weeping,
Thy leader unjustly in chains.

In blood have thy annals been written,
While virtue in vain claim'd relief,
For seven sad ages of Britain,
Whose ministers prompted thy grief,
New Norburies bare-faced and brazen,
Repeal's miglity friends to decrease,
Misconstrue meek pray'rs to bold treason,
And chain the best guardians of peace.

While England could perjure and plunder,
Destroying mild crowds by fell sway,
Our brothers and sons rent asunder,
O'er nations were banished away,
Where damsels—fair exiles bewailing,
Contribute a sum to increase,
With love and sweet hope never failing,
O'Connell from bonds to release.

Oh! now shall no patriot dally,
See liberty's banner in-view,
As Britain provoked us to rally,
Hibernia's just rights we'll pursue,
'Tho fearless we hate a Duke Tory's.
Most brutal and sanguine decree,
But we must have national glories,
O'Connel and Erin just free.

Our souls by despair are not shaken,
 Tho' England's day-robbers take scope,
 Whose late glaring insults awaken,
 The lovers of justice and hope.
 Tho' tories like frost's wintry powers,
 In spite of just law seal our doom,
 To nip human liberty's flowers,
 Our zeal will revive their full bloom.

See Erin's eight millions insulted,
 Whom Wellington's war-dogs surround,
 When Peel's orange brood have exulted,
 Since Freedom's brave leaders are bound,
 While France threatens England notorious,
 Long crimes' blazing vengeance to feel,
 We'll crown Erin's pride great and glorious,
 By driving the wheels of Repeal.

Come all, or come none, do not linger,
 Come husband, sons, daughters, and wife,
 See justice points out with hope's finger,
 Where tyrants and slaves are at strife,
 Don't yet strike with rage nobly burning,
 Till Britain's fell bands first assail,
 We'll then cheer love's daughters long mourning,
 Brave Emmets' and sweet Innisfail.

Th globe's indignation is risen,
 For tories most boldly to dare,
 The brave liberator imprison,
 By jurors and judges unfair,
 Then friends of Repeal as you're fitting,
 In Forum or field to be seen,
 Go leave Erin's Parliament setting,
 With glory in fair COLLEGE GREEN.

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